

BLIND MAN'S BLUFF.



"All Coons Look Alike to Me."

Pronunciation.

The stairs in
the Liberty Statue,
Of heaven's ascent
one reminding,
Curve around
and around.
As you rise
from the ground,
And of course
You'd describe
them as winding.
But those stairs in
that Liberty Statue,
With no platforms
for rest interceding,
Are of such
beastly length,
They exhaust all
your strength,
And 'tis then
you describe
them as winding.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.



PERPETUAL MOTION FOUND AT LAST.

REDUCING FUNERAL EXPENSES.



UNDERTAKER—That old Gotrocks is the meanest man I ever heard of.
ASSISTANT—What has he been doing?
UNDERTAKER—Why, just before he died he left word that he wanted his door plate transferred to the lid of his coffin.

"Q. S."

My wife went to college to be an M. D.,
And when she'd become one she came back to me;
And of course, while the subject was strongest
upon her,
She "diagnosed" me—and I guess I'm a gonorrhea.
She said that "she feared I had endocarditis,
With traces of neuro-dichroic cystitis;
There were osseous abnormal sphenoidal dimen-
sions,
With ecchymosed hypo-nephritic retentions."
She said I had "anchoylosed, neurosed gastritis,
Hepatic stagnation, acute meningitis,
Meningeal hemorrhage, clearly pre-natal,
Locomotor ataxia, lingering, but fatal."
She said "I inclined toward brain aberration,
When cardiac murmurs disturbed circulation."
Then added, in time "she would be more explicit."
But I said, "Nit, old girl. This is quantum sufficit!"

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE CHINAMAN, HIS QUEUE AND HIS SWEETHEART—IN FIVE ACTS.



A Good Reason.

The scarred and grizzled veteran was recount-
ing stories of his war days.
"Yes," he said, "that bullet would have entered
my heart had it not been turned aside."
"Mother's bible?" queried a listener.
"Pack of cards?"
"Sweetheart's picture?"
"No, gentlemen, it was because the aim was
bad and the bullet never came near me."

Circumstances Rule.

MISS BELLE—No, Mr. Peornan, I cannot
marry you. Why, you are at least ten years my
senior!
The next night:
MISS BELLE—Old Mr. Gotrox? No. What is
twenty years between you and me? I will mar-
ry you gladly.

His Favorite.

BROWRAY—What kind of balls are the best
for speed on a bicycle?
WESTPAUL—Well, I think that high balls
make mine run the smoothest.

TWO GOOD REASONS.



MINISTER—Don't your father and mother go
to church?
BOY—They can't go to-day, fur mother sprained
her back chuckin' father downstairs, and he can't
go 'cause his leg's broke. See?

No Doubt About It.

DAUGHTER—Both Mr. Cheerible and Mr.
Lovelorn have proposed, and I don't know which
to marry.
MOTHER—Accept Mr. Cheerible, dear. He is
the best natured man I ever saw.
DAUGHTER—What makes you think so,
mamma?
MOTHER—I've noticed that he laughs at his
rival's jokes even.

A Unanimous Choice.

WILSON—Do you regard the bicycle as a vehi-
cle of evil?
WHEELER—Certainly.
WILSON—What? You do?
WHEELER—Of course. Did you ever see a
cyclor who wouldn't choose the broad and easy
path in preference to the straight and narrow one?

Two of a Kind.

HE—I love you madly.
SHE—But I am air.
HE—So am I.

AN ANCHOR TO WINDWARD.



One Thing Accomplished.

"We couldn't agree in the Sorosis debate to-day
whether 'Trusts were Better than Competition,' or
whether 'Theosophy is a Religion or Philosophy,'
but we did come to a unanimous vote on one
thing," said Mrs. Spouter with ecstasy to her
cynical husband.
"And for heaven's sake, what was that?"
"That the president's hat was simply a dream
of angels!"

In Danger.

SHERLOCK HOLMES—I had a narrow escape
this morning. I was on the track of the most
bloodthirsty murderer of modern times. But I
got off the track.
HAWKSHAW—How did that happen?
SHERLOCK HOLMES—I jumped off. 'T was
the trolley car track.

Considerable.

AMY—Does her piano playing amount to much?
MAMIE—Oh, yes. She's at it for eighteen
hours a day.

A Nightmare.

HUSBAND (in his sleep)—Wow-wow-wow-
oh-oh-ugh-ugh-boola-boola-boola!
WIFE (shaking him)—Horace, Horace, wake
up, wake up! What's the matter?
HUSBAND (waking up)—Oh, such a dream as
I had!
WIFE—What was it, dear?
HUSBAND (wiping the cold perspiration from
his forehead)—Dreamed I was riding along the
Boulevard on an old '96 model!
WIFE—Heavens!

Poor Youngster.

"That artist's baby died from trying to emulate
his father."
"How so?"
"He tried to mix paints on his palate."

Rivals.

FLORENCE—Everything is sold by samples
nowadays.
ANNIE—Ah? Is that why you allow so many
chaps to kiss you every Summer?

AT THE ELECTROGUTION.



SHERIFF (to trembling prisoner)—Brace up!
Don't let them think you are afraid to die.
THE CONDEMNED (undignantly)—I'm not, but
—ugh!—hurry and get it over. That chair looks
so infernally like a dentist's.